

## *School Spirit*

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Has anybody here ever cheered  
A high school quarterback  
Bolting for a touchdown  
Like a bulldog for an ankle?

We never did.  
We sat in Greek restaurants  
All night long,  
Drinking crunchy coffee  
And endlessly joking.

There's not one joke I recall.

Our queen was no cheerleader.  
Flatchested as paper,  
She sang of painless suicides  
At talent shows.  
Everybody booed.  
We took turns  
Holding her hand.

Nobody who mattered  
Had a school jacket.  
Only guys and gals  
Dull as dittos  
Danced at proms.  
Corny blackboard buzzards  
Loved them best.  
We were better.  
We were ugly.